#### SUB SILENTIO.

BY MARY L. RITTER. Hush! the night is calm and quiet,? And the crescent moon hangs low; Silence deep and wide hath power, And the south wind wanders slow, Through the casement where the curtain Faintly rustles to and fro.

Like a spirit softly sighing,
Pilts it all the chambers round,
Wherethe dim lamp, fading, dying,
Just dispels the gloom profound,
Hangs above two happy dreamers,
By love's perfect promise crown'd.

Even through the gates of slumber. To the shadow land of rest, He still classes his love sought-treasur Closely, closely to his breast, With the arder of a passion Long denied and long repressed.

With his lips still warm with kisses, Close and clinging as his own, Sighing still, in happy dreaming, For the joy his heart has known-Sweetly, peacefully he slumbers In the arms about him thrown.

And she games at him thinking, Not of all her dreary years— Only of this isle of glory, Reached with many doubts and fears, Over love's frail bridge of rainbows, Fading in a mist of tears.

Then she nestles still more closely
To the heart so kind and dear,
Whispering, "love me, love me, darling,
All my hope and rest is here,
And without thee, earth is nothing
But a desert cold and drear.

"Oh, that every night my slumbers Might be so supremely blest, unded by thy dear embraces, Bounded by thy dear embraces, Kissed from passion into rest; I would ask no better heaven, Sheltered thus and thus caressed."

Fan them gently, odorous south wind, And be gone on pinious fleet,
Nothing in thy nightly journey.
Shall thy wandering vision greet,
Half as perfect in fulfillment,
Satisfying and complete.

### MARIA SAXONBURY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD. AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "VERNER'S PRIDE "THE MYSTERY," "THE EARL'S HEIRS,"
"THE CRANNINGS, "A LIFE'S
SECRET," &c., &c.

## CHAPTER X .- CONCLUDED.

Mr. Janson departed. Mrs. Yorke remained in the boy's chamber, but quitted it for her own at the u-ual hour for retiring. Before she had begun to undress, her husband followed her to the room, locked the door, and put the key in his

sail out of the room now, with your tragedy air, and refuse to hear me. Now, Mrs. Yorke, who concocted this moonlight walk to-night? How far did your love-making go in it? I will know!"

Mrs. Yorke did glance at the door, for "Left for good, has he?" repeated Mrs. Yorke and in the evening, as an indifferent top-night walk to-night? How far did your love-making go in it? I will know!"

Mrs. Yorke did glance at the door, for "Left for good, has he?" repeated

her husband to himself when the dark, jealous mood was on him, but she knew

"I will not bear it," she said bursting into tears. "why do you treat me so? into tears. "why do you treat me so? day's shooting, a thing he had not yet If this is to continue, I will summon done. True, he had gone out shooting, Lady Saxonbury here, and have a sepa-ration arranged. I have been to you a true and faithful wife; you know I have: hour or two, and back home again; out

"He was no lover of mine," she replied,

old days, you and he, and I chose you. was the most favored?"

parting with him, the evening he returned from that absurd voyage, where I wish he had been wrecked?

1? Ay, you do! When you told him, with tears, and wails a sobs, that you were miserable, for you had bound yourself to marry me, and you loved him: when you lay passively in his arms, and "Oh, here he is," cried Maria, as an when you lay passively in his arms, and welcomed his embrace, with a welcome you had never given to mine! I speak of that parting. I witnessed it." Maria breathed hurriedly. She could

not speak.
"You did not deceive me, Maria, though

"It was not a pleasant knowledge for me, your bridegroom; but I never visited it upon you. You are aware I never did,

Maria; my love for you was too great. I Rich, and thought I would call in as have loved you," his tone changing to passed your house to say, 'How d'ye do?' softness, "with a love passing that of and hear that Leopold continued all right. man. I was forbearing, and never visit- What a strange fog it is!" ed it upon you, save by deeper and deeper "Thank you," auswered Mrs. Yorke, tenderness: I forced myself to think of it in a rather constrained manner. For

"We have been here a month—more. Janson had put her from his mind, as it Not a day, from the first afternoon we was right to do. Mrs. Yorke rose to ring came, but he has been here, in your so- the bell. "You shall see Leopold," she

ciety. Sometimes twice a day."

"Could I help that? Circumstances have compelled it. The child cannot be left without medical attendance. You are interrupting her movement. "I want to frequently at home when Mr. Janson consult some one, and I have—as you comes, and you know that his visits are must know—a very high opinion of your limited to the child. He rarely accepts discernment and good sense, so I wish to the offer of sitting down with us, even for ask your advice. I shall value it more a minute, whether you are here, or wheth- than that of any one else. You know

# THE HARTFORD HERALD

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

# HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., FEBRUARY 10, 1875.

"And this night! for you to have walked home with him is the moonlight, resting on his arm; you and he, of all people in the world! And I following on your steps later, picturing what that walk had been to you both, in my jealous torment! Maria, I was mad this night as I came along, if ever man was, and Janson may be thank-ful that I did not meet him, for I might

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have sprung upon him in my anger."
"For shame Arthur! again I say it," she "For shame Arthur! again I say it," she resterated, indignation rendering her speech firm. "I have never forgotten, by word or look, my own self-respect, since this our meeting with Mr. Janson. Neither has he. I have been to him as your wife, as my children's mother, secure in my position; and he has been to me as, to you, the plain family attendant. Do you doubt me still? Will you have me swear to it? I can. Arthur, Arthur! I think you are mad. Let us leave this place if your mania is to continue, and go

ly unhinged. He fell into a storm of sobs and tears, and clasping his wife to him, reiterated how passionately he loved her. Maria grew alarmed. She had never seen him like this. Resentment for his groundless suspicion would have prompted her to turn scornfully from him: but she did not dare. She only repeated, in as

conciliatory a tone as she could bring her angry mind to allow, that she had no un-worthy thought connected with Mr. Jan-son. And she spoke truth. He seemed to believe her. He did be-lieve her. A better spirit came over him; and in the morning, when Mr. Janson paid his visit to the child, Mr. Yorke spoke cordially to to him, and offered him his hand, a mark of favor he had never

condescended to vouchsale before.

But who can put away at will the pangs of jealousy? There is not an earthly passion that is less under control. As the days went on, it returned in full force to the unhappy Mr. Yorke, throw-ing its own jaundice over his sight and hearing The most innocent movement of his wife or Mr. Janson, wore to him but one interpretation; the common courtesy of hand-shaking would excite him almost past repression. He said nothing more to his wife: he watched; and though he saw no tangible thing that even jealousy could take hold of, he grew only the more convinced that they were play-ing a part to deceive and blind him. If you ever felt the absurd passion of jealoney in its extreme force, you will understand and recognize Mr. Yorke's self-torments. They really did border on insan-

### CHAPTER XI.

LOST IN THE FOG. The child grew better: he was getting Because I choose to do it. You can't was done, he good-humoredly observed, for Master Leo was upon his legs again.

Mr. Yorke

This was on Monday. The next day, Tuesday, Mr. Yorke went out for a whole what mania has come upon you that you again for another hour, and back again. Maria understood it all, and thoroughly "You have: I give you credit for it. I despised him in her indignant heart. But never doubted you until we came here, on Tuesday he went out in the morning, and you renewed your intimacy and and came home at night, just in time to dinner. He was in good spirits, talke dinner. He was in good spirits, talked pleasantly with his wife and played with disdaining not to use evasion in such a case. Leopold. Wednesday was spent in pre "Were you not both before me in those cisely the same way, and on Thursday he also went out with his gun as soon as breakfast was over. On this day a Miss "Janson," coolly repeated Mr. Yorke. Hardisty, a relative of Mrs. Yorke's, ar-"He was not. You speak in the face rived on a visit somewhat unexpectedly, facts, Arthur. I married you." for they had not looked for her for a day of facts, Arthur. I married you." for they had not looked for her for a day "Loving him. But I was rich, and he or two. A hard-featured maiden she, o

Do you remember your last some five-and-forty years.

The afternoon of Thursday turned out wretchedly. It did not rain, but a dense fog, or sort of Scotch mist, overhung the "What parting?" rejoined Maria; but atmosphere. Offord could remember nothher cheeks burned and her voice faltered.
"What parting! Shall I repeat it, Yorke stirred her good fire into a roaring. though you know every word better than blaze, and wondered where her husband was. Her guest, fatigued with her rail

> indistinct form passed the window. "I wonder how many he has bagged? He will be surprised to hear that Olivia is

"Mr. Janson," said a servant, opening

you thought you did, for I buried my injuries within me. Had I not loved you so passionately, I should have left you to him: and I knew that you pronounced your marriage vows to me with Janson's kisses not cold upon your lips."

She raised her head as if to speak but the first speak of the husband should return home and find him there-after having stated that his attendance had ceased. "This is not a professional visit," said Mr. Janson. "I have been to see Lady

"Thank you," answered Mrs. Yorke as piece of girlish folly, and I was begin-ing to forget: I had nearly forgtten it, Maria, when we came here." when jealous suspicions, entirely unfound-ed, are entertained by a husband, they must and do make the manners of the "And so had I forgotten it," she spoke best woman constrained and embarrassed. up, abruptly; "forgotten Janson, and all connected with him. I live but for my Yorke's; not to be nearer her, but to enchildren, for you, for my own natural ties joy the genial blaze of the fire. Unfor-and interests, and I never shall live for tunately he had no idea of Mr. Yorke's anything else. Janson! what is he to me fears; he only thought him an abrupt, now? For shame, Mr. Yorke! I am an haughty, uncertain man, different from English gentlewoman, your wife and your what he used to be. When Maria Sax-children's mother." Yorke's wife, Mr.

"Yes. I have seen much of her since we came here," replied Mrs. Yorke.
"Do you think she would make a good

wife?"

"I think her a very am iable, nice girl, quite a lady. Yes, I am sure she would. Who is going to marry her?"

"I don't know yet whether any one is," he answered with a smile. "But—peo-

ple tell me I must marry, or lose my practice, for my patients say they will have a family man to attend them, not a bachelor. So I have been looking round about me, and begin to think that Lucy Maskill would be suitable."

Mrs. Yorke laughed "Oh, Mr. Jan-

son! How cooly you speak! As coolly as you might if you were only going to take on a new surgery boy. These af-fairs should always be cased round with

romance."
He shook his head. "Romance died place if your mania is to continue, and go out for me years ago." For one moment where we can get other medical advice." their eyes met; perhaps unwittingly; and then both looked determinedly at the fire again,
"I like Lucy Maskill much," heresumed;

"so far as liking goes. And I believe"
—a smile hovered on his lips—"that she likes me.

"Let it take place, then, Mr. Janson. And I earnestly hope you will be happy. Believe me, you both shall have my best prayers and wishes for it," was Mrs. Yorke's answer. She was pleased that Mr. Janson was going to be happy at last, for she knew that she had once tried his heart severely. In the earnestness of her content, she put her hand into his, as she spoke-put it as a single-hearted, honest woman would. And Mr. Janson clasped it, and leaned over towards her and

thanked her kindly.

What dark shadow was that outside the window, with its face pressed against the pane? A face whose expression just then, was as the face of a demon, whose eyes glared, and whose teeth glistened. ey saw it not; but as their hands met, and Mr. Janson leaned nearer to his com panion, a noise, half savage growl, half shriek of defiance, escaped it. They beard

"What is that sound?" exclaimed Mrs. Yorke, turning towards the window. Nothing was there then.
"Somebody in the road come to grief

in the fog," suggested Mr. Janson. "On a night-bird, probably. Shall I see Leooold now?"

pold now?"

Mrs. Yorke opened the room door and called to the child, who came running in. Then Mr. Janson left. "I hope I shall get home," said he jokingly.

Maria kept Leopold with her, and the time passed more swiftly than she thought. By and by, one of the servants came in the know if he should exact dinner. to know if he should serve dinner. "Why, what time is it?" inquired his

"Ever so much past six, ma'am." "I had no idea it was so late."

"It was striking five when Mr. Janso ft," said the man. Mrs. Yorke chose to wait; but when it grew near seven, she ordered the dinner to be served. She thought her husband had stopped to dine with some sporting acquaintance, or had lost his way in the Scarcely had she sat down to it when she heard him enter, and go straight

ally quiet. candle?" she wondered. Perhaps he gate." thinks he can wash his hands in the dark, nd would not wait for one."
"Maria," called out Mr. Yorke, his

oud tones echoing through the house, She rose and went to the door. "Yes." "Bring me up a light, will you? Bring

What fad now?" thought Mrs. Yorke I take it up!" But she lighted a chamber candle, and went up stairs with it, the servants, who were waiting at the table wondering. Her husband was standing inside their bedroom door, which was all but closed: nothing to be seen of him but his one hand stretched out for the light? "Where have you been so late? Did the

or cause you to miss your way? He did not reply, only took the light from her. She pushed the door, wishing to enter, but it resisted her efforts, "Let me come in," she said; "I have some news or you. Olivia Hardisty's come."

Not a word of reply was vouchsafed to her. Only the door banged to in her face,

and the key of it turned.

"He is sulky again," thought Maria.
"How fortunate he did not happen to come home while Mr. Janson was here Make haste," she condescended to call out, as she retreated, "I have begun din-

Mr. Yorke soon came down, dressed mark of attention given to Miss Hardisty, Maria supposed; or, so late as that he would scarcely have troubled to dress. He did not speak, and did not eat; but he drank freely. He seemed also to have been drinking previously. A failing he was not

'I asked you why you were so late,' "You answered yourself," was the reply-"That I lost my way. The fog was

"The fog seems to have taken away your appetite; and to have made you

"Luncheon did both. The meat was "Where did you take luncheon?"

"At Squire Hipgrave's."
"Have you had good sport?" "Middling. Who can shoot in a fog?" "You have brought no birds home?" "I left them at Hipgrave's."

"Pheasants, I suppose.
"Yes I wish you would not keep up his running fire of questions, Maria. Mrs. Yorke ceased, and eat her dinner

As the cloth was being removed, her guest came in. Also Leopold. Mr. Yorke was compelled to exert himself a little then, but he had partaken too freely of wine, and Mrs. Yorke was vexed, she believed it must be apparent to Miss

"How well Leopold looks, considering his long illness!" remarked Miss Hardis

"He is wonderful," said Mrs. Yorke. 'You would not think, to see him now, that he had been so very ill." "Papa," cried Leopold, "Mr. Janson says I am got well soon because I was good, and took the physic without cry-

"Ah!" said Mr. Yorke; "when did he say that?" "To-night, when he was here with mamma, and they called me m."

Mr. Yorke turned his eyes upon his wife, fixedly, steadily, "Was Janson here to-night?" here to-night?" here to-night?"

"This afternoon, between four and five. It seemed like night, it was so dark," she answered, equably, but in spite of her-self she could not prevent a vivid flush rising to her cheeks.
"You told me he had given over com-

As he had. I remarked to him that I understood him to say so, and he replied that he did not call to-day professionally but just dropped in as he was passing, to inquire how Leopold continued. He told

me a little bit of news, too, about him-self," added Maria to her husband, at-fecting to apeak gaily. "I will repeat it to you by and by."

When the child's bed time arrived, instead of Finch coming for him, it was

"Where's Finch?" demanded Mrs. Yorke.
"She's gone as far as the village, ma'am. She wanted to buy some ribbons

at the shop."
"Why did she choose such a night as this?" returned Mr. Yorke. "How stupid she must be! she will lose her way." "She took a lantern, ma'm," answered Charlotte. "she said she did not care for fogs. She wont be long." Charlotte went off with Leopold, and Miss Hardisty smiled. "Servants are sadly wanting in common sense, many

"I suppose Finch had previously fixed on to-night to go out, and of course she could not bear to disappoint herself, but must go, fog or no fog. It's just like

Mr. Yorke lay back in his easy-chair, and seemed to sleep. His wife apologized to Miss Hardisty, saying that he bad had hard morning's shooting, and seemed done up.

About nine o'clock Finch came bursting into the room—her things on, just as she had entered the house. She was panting for breath.

"O ma'am, I don't know how I've got got home, what with the fog, and what with the fright! There has been such an awful murder!"
"Where?" asked Mrs. Yorke.

"Close on the other side the village. Some thieves set upon a farmer's son riding home from market, and shot him, and pulled him off his horse, and beat him bout the head till he died, and then rifled his pockets of his watch, and money, and then left him in a pool of blood," veemently reiterated Finch, all in a breath 'He was found about five o'clock, and the village has been up in arms ever since. Everybody's out of their houses." Mr. Yorke sat bolt upright in his chair

Mr. Yorke sat oot apright in his chair.

His eye glittered upon Finch.

"A pretty tale!" said he to his wife and
Miss Hardisty, as Finch flew off to impart
the news to the household, "This is how
stories get exaggerated. There was no
horse in the affair, and no robbery, and it was not a farmer's son going home from the market."
"You heard of it, then?" exclaimed

Miss Hardisty.
"Yes," was Mr. Yorke's reply "And never to have told us!" remonstrated his wife. "You say it was not a farmer's son. Do you know who it is?" "Janson. Murdered in his own garden as he was going in. Just inside the

### CHAPTER XII.

A PREMATURE DISCLOSURE.

Horror rose to the countenance of Miss when a woman hears of such a crime committed in her vicinity. But what was her look of horror, compared to that verspreading the face of Mrs. Yorke? A living, shrinking horror, which pervaded every line of her features, and turned them to the hue of the grave.
Strangely tumultuous thoughts were at

work within her, flashing through her brain in quick confusion. "Janson! who sat by her side that afternoon! He mur-dered! Who had done it?" Mrs. Yorke seemed incapable of

plying. Her husband spoke up volubly:— "Janson was the village surgeon. You heard Leo say he was here to-night. thought had ceased his visits. A fine young fellow. Unmarried." "Who can have been so wicked as to have murdered him?" wondered Miss

Hardisty. "Ah! Who indeed!" "How did you come to know it?" interrupted Mrs. Yorke, lifting her white face to her husband. "Ill news travels fast, As I reached

nome to-night, some people were passing the gate, apparently in excitement; I inuired what their trouble was, and they old me. It was the gardener and his wife, up above, returning home from the "Finch said he was shot," observed

Miss Hardisty.
"He was not shot, Beaten to death. "Finch's account may be the correct one, instead of the gardener and his wife's," said Mrs. Yorke in a low tone. "She said he was robbed. Shot and "He was not robbed, I tell you, Maria,"

said Mr. Yorke, "Have it so, if you like, however. Shot and robbed, what Mr. Yorke went to sleep in his chair

again, or appeared to go to sleep, and the ladies conversed in an under tone, Maria shivering visibly. About half past ten, they were startled

by a sudden and violent knocking, which came to the house door. Startled! Olivia Hardisty, her mind and tongue full of robbers and murders, gave vent to a faint scream, and Mr. Yorke sprang up from his chair with a start, as if he would leave the room, balted in indecision, and then sat down again. A deep silence succeeded, and again the knocking came, louder than before. They heard a servant hurry to answer it, they heard an entrance and a sound of voices, and then the footman threw open their room door.
"Master Henry Yorke."

A tall fine lad, between fifteen and six teen, leaped into the room, seized Mrs. Yorke, and gave he some kisses, and then turned to shake uands with her husband. He had not changed, save in growth: he was random and generous as when he last saw him. "If I don't believe that's Olivia Hardisty!" cried he, holding out his hand to the

"What brings you here?"

"Ah! Are you not taken by surprise Maria?" said he to Mrs. Yorke.

"Didn't I knock! I thought you should

hear it was somebody. Did you think it was the fire engines?" "Why did you not let us know you

"How could I? My old tutor had new this morning of his father's death, and went off; so I told mamma I might as well spend the few days' holiday looking you up. And away I came, without waiting for her to say yes or no."

"Where is your portmanteau, Henry?"
"Didn't bring any. She'll send some shirts and things after me; sure to. What shirts and things after me; sure to. What a precious slow railroad station you have got here! Not a carriage nor an omnibus waiting, or any conveyance to be had for love nor money. Mind, Maria, if I have not brought enough tin for myself, you must let me have some, and write to mamma to pay you back. I didn't stop to ask for any, for fear she'd put in a protest against my journey."

"How did you find our house?" asked Mr. Yorke.

Mr. Yorke. "Oh, I got into the village, which seemed all in a hubbub, and tipped a boy with a torch, to show me. This is not such a nice place as Saxonbury," added the lad, casting his eyes around the room. "It is very well for a change," said Mr. Yorke. "I wanted some shooting and she was right to encourage both Mr. Jan-son and Mr. Yorke in the old days, as I believe she did, and let each think she

"There's no accounting for taste, said the boy, shrugging his shoulders. "Maris,

"I should wonder if any of us could was put away when she married, and a better wife nobody has ever had than Mrs. Yorke. And if master has got a jealous crotchet in his head, he deserves to have it shook out of him. Mr. Janson has come here to attend Master Leo, but for

"I should wonder if any of us could look well to-night," interposed Olivia Hardisty. "Your knocking nearly frightened us to death, too. We had just heard of such a dreadful murder."

"A murder! Where?"

"In the village. He lived quite in the middle of it, did he not, Mr. Yorke?"

"Then that accounts for the row," said Henry, before Mr. Yorke could reply.
"The natives were standing about in "The natives were standing about in groups, trying who could talk the fastest. thought they were taking observation of the fog. In one place, at the corner of a street or lane, they had mustered so densely I had to administer some shoves to get through. Who has been murdered,

Mr. Yorke? A poacher."
"No. A doctor."

"That's worse."
"It is awful," shivered Miss Hardisty. 'He has been attending Leo, Henry, and

was here only this afternoon."
"What, the man that was murdered?"
"He was, this very afternoon; and but just before the deed was committed. It was five a clock, I think you said, Mrs. Yorke, when Mr. Janson left you." "Janson! a doctor!" interrupted the boy. "It was no relation to our Mr. Jan-

son, was it, Maria?"
"Your Mr. Janson? What do you nean by your Mr. Janson," demanded

Miss Hardisty.
"Oh, Maria knows. A Mr. Janson we used to be intimate with abroad, when I was a youngster. Is it any relation?"
"It is the same man," said M18. Yorke,

Henry Yorke sprang up from his chair, and looked from his sister to Mr. Yorke in dismay and incredulity. son who took such care of me on that long voyage, when I went away in the

Mrs. Yorke inclined her head. "Yes, he had settled here." she said, in a

Sorrow rendered Henry's ideas con-used. "Oh, I wish I had seen him Why did you not write me word, Maria, that I might have come before he was

murdered. "You stupid boy!" cried Olivia Hardis-"Could your sister tell he was going to be murdered?

"Well, I do wish I had seen him. would have gone all over the country to meet Janson. He was the nicest fellow going."
"Was he?" asked Miss Hardisty, ap

pealing to Mr. Yorke, who didn't seem to be in a hurry to answer her. "You had better ask Maria," retorted Henry, speaking with the random thoughtlessness of his age. "She'll tell you he was. Why, it was a near touch, I know, whether she became Mrs. Janson or Mrs. Yorke. Didn't she flirt away with him, sir, before she promised her-self to you? She thought I was only a youngster and couldn't see; but I was as wide awake as she was. Don't be cross,

"You always were wide awake, Harry," drily responded Mr. Yorke. Olivia Hardisty, somewhat stunned and bewildered with the vista into past things opening to her, unclosed her lips to speak; but she thought better of it, and closed them again. So! this was the Mr. Janson she had heard of in past times, who had loved, it was said, Maria Saxonbury, and she him; whom Maria had rejected because

he was poor.

Henry talked on, until they grew tired of answering him. Talked incessantly until his supper came in.

When they retired for the night, Finch was waiting in Miss Hardisty's room to assist her to undress. assist her to undress. The two were old friends, so to speak, for Finch had lived at Saxonbury many years, maid to the first Lady Saxonbury.

"I am glad you are come soon, ma'am," egan Finch. "I can do nothing but began Finch. think of that awful murder. And that sleepy Charlotte would go to bed and leave She cares for nobody but herself." "I am pleased you did stop for me," re-turned Miss Hardesty, "for I feel nervous to-night. A common murder, though

very distressing, does not affect the nerves like such an one as this. It must have happened, Finch, immediately after he "After who left here?" asked Finch, wondering what Miss Hardisty was talk-

ing of.

"The doctor. Mr. Janson. Oh, I forgot; you did not hear; you thought it was farmer's son who was murdered. t was not: it was Mr. Janson." "Mr. Janson!" echoed Finch; "Mr. Janon who was murdered! Who says so?" "Mr. Yorke. He heard of the murder

as he came home to dinner." Finch collected her ideas. "I wonder where master picked up that news," she said presently. "It's nothing of the sort, ma'am. It was a farmer's son going home "It's nothing of the sort, from market, on horseback, in leather breeches and top-boots. Mr. Janson does

not wear breeches and top-boots."
"Mr. Yorke said decidedly it was Mr. Janson, and that he was murdered in his ADVERTISING RATES.

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own garden. He was very positive"

was talking of their former acquaintance with him abroad. The nicest fellow go-

ing, he said."
"Yes, everybody liked Mr. Janson.-

"Except waster asked alles finitely, for Finch had stopped.

"Except master, I was going to say.—
He had used to be jealous of him in those old times, and I think—at least," added

make it so, unless it's that."
"Dear me!" uttered Miss Hardisty;
"Mrs. Yorke would not give cause"—

"No," indignantly interrupted Fineh, "she would not give cause for that, or for any other wrong thing. I don't say that

and her head was turned upside down with

her beauty. However, all that nonsense

"Did they ever meet after Mrs. Yorke's

marriage until now, when they met here?' inquired Olivia Hardisty.

"No, never. I asked my mistress once —I think she had been married about two years then—if she knew where Mr.

Janson was, and she had no idea. I don't much like this place, ma'am, added Finch, musingly. "I shall be glad when we get back home."

"It seems scarcely worth while my tell-

ing you now the news that Mr. Janson

imparted to me," observed Maria to her 

"It is dreadful enough," returned Mr.

"He was going to be married," she con-

[Continued next week.]

FROM MINNESOTA.

CORNCRACKER'S OPINION OF

THE EMPIRE STATE OF THE

NORTHWEST.

REGION FREE FROM THE CURSE OF

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

A MORAL PARADISE.

Special Correspondence of the HERALD.

Worthington, Minn., Jan. 26.

I have just finished a perusal of the sec-

say that it is the spiciest journal that ever brought light and good cheer into the lone-

ly cabin of a bachelor frontiersman, and I

bespeak for it a life of honor and moral

Minnesota occupies the exact center of the North American continent. It lies midway between the Atlantic and the Pa-

cific, midway between the Arctic and the

Tropic circles; and midway between Hud-son's Bay and the Gulf of Mexico. Its name is derived from the Dakota Indian

tongue, after its principal river, and signifies "cloud colored," or "sky tinted water." The name is peculiarly apt and ap-

propriate. The water of the Minnesota,

flood of the Mississippi, possesses that pe-culiar tint of a slightly colored sky which

compounded of many colors.
This important region was almost whol-

fter other sections of the country, far less

attractive, had been subjected to the refin-

ing influences of industry science, and re-ligion. Indeed, until within the last twen-

ty-five years, tew sounds save those of wild beasts and still wilder men broke the still-

A BIT OF HISTORY.

savages.

A NEW "HUB OF CREATION."

Yorke.

Except"-

hores of Massachusetts; and mingled with

"He always is positive," retorted Finch.
"But it was no more Mr. Janson than it was me. As if the village would have said it was a farmer's son, if it had been Mr. Janson! Why, ma'am, the man in the shop, where I was, had been to see the body, and he spoke particularly about the breeches and boots. I dare say Mr. Learn was Mr. Janson! Why were always to work was abundant; and breeches and boots. I dare say Mr. Learn was the specific of the sole particular breeches and boots. I dare say Mr. Janson was fetched to the dead corpse, and that's how his name got mixed up in it.—
Mr. Janson, indeed! that would be a misfortune."

king were almost the sole pursuits of the masses. Then came the great financial crash of '57. What a change! Speculation collapsed; money disappeared; immigration ceased. In brief, it is difficult to exaggerate the extent and vital character of this revulsion. Princely fortunes van-ished like shadowy dreams. With men rated among the wealthiest it was nor now "Yes, everybody liked Mr. Janson.—
Except"—
"Except what?" asked Miss Hardisty,
The future, but the more urgent one of averting present starvation from their fam-illes. Fast horses were put to the plow, at ylish equipages disappeared, and expect-ant fortune-hunters sought by unwonted labor to earn an honest livelihood. In

the woman, more hesitatingly, "I have once or twice thought lately whether he is not jealous again. Master's temper, since we have been here, has been quite strange, and I don't know what should strange, and I don't know what should oned wealth of the virgin soil, and their labor has had its reward.

TOPOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION. In Minnesota are found neither the illimitable prairies which distinguish Illi-nois, nor the vast forests of Kentucky and Ohio, in which the early settlers found it so difficult to carve homes, but a charm-ing alternation of wood and prairie, upland might marry him; but, ma'am, young la-dies will act so, just to show their power; and her head was turned useful. country is undulating, similar to the roll-ing prairies of the adjoining States of Io-wa and Wisconsin; with greater diversity, beauty and picturesqueness imparted to the scenery by rippling lakes, sparkling waterfalls, high bluffs and wooded ravines.

THE LAKE PRATURE.

The number, beauty, and varying charm of its lakes form a very marked feature of the scenery of Minnesota. These lovely little sheets of water are found dotting its surface in nearly every section of the State, sparkling on the open prairie, hidden in the depths of the primal forests, and glistening like gems of beauty among the ragged hills of the northeastern portion. They are from one to thirty miles in diameter. Some of them are circular in form—others of an exceedingly irregu-

THE NATIONIAL COLONY. This enterprise was founded in the spring of 1872, by Dr. A. P. Miller, of the Toledo (O.) Btade, and Prof. F. R. Humiston, of Cleveland, Ohio. The chief town, Worthington, was laid out the year before and a few houses erected. The National Colony is located in Southwestern Minnesota and Northwestern Iowa. It comprises tracks townships in Nobles county. tinued. "But, of course, it will not do for us to speak of it abroad. after this shocking ending. He thought of marrying Miss Minn., and three and a half townships in Maskell." "And giving you up?"

The taunt sounded most unseasonable.
Maria, subdued by the events of the evening, turned mockly to her husband. "Arthur, let this unpleasantness end; it is time it did," she said, speaking firmly in her honest truth. "We may both have something to forgive each other. I was foolish, vain, careless in the old days; but I

ish, vain, careless in the old days; but I en, in the presence, it may be said, of that poor dead man, that never a thought has strayed from you since you became my husband. You have been bitter and anhusband. You have been bitter and angry with me lately, but it has been with out cause; for not a wrong word, not a look that you could not approve, has passed between me and Mr. Janson. So help me heaven!"

Mr. Yorke was silent. He had sat Mills, erected at a cost of \$50,000, having down, and seemed to be looking at his five run of stone; the Worthington Hotel, built at a cost of \$14,000; the Methodist "When he called here this evening to ask after Leopold, he told me he thought of marrying Lucy Maskell. I wished the union God speed from my very heart" ry, which was compelled to so cause of the grasshopper invasion passed into her dressing room. She had saidr he say. ry, which was compelled to suspend be-

WHOLESALE TOTAL ABSTINENCE Aside from the natural beauty of the country, and the richness of the soil, the National Colony is founded upon a strict-ly temperance basis. Not a drop of intox-icating beverages are sold within its limits, being excluded by the charter. As a re-sult, it has drawn together a class of so-ber, industrious, intelligent and refined people. We are entirely free from the "frontier ruffianism" which usually char-acterizes western settlements. Here hundreds of Christian men and women have come to make their homes, that they may bring up their sons and daughters entirely free from the baneful influences of the

rum traffic.

THE GRATIFYING RESULT. This important feature, together with have just finished a perusal of the sec-the natural advantages of the location, i issue of your paper, and am forced to and healthfulness of the climate, has brought to this county—which five years ago was a pathless wilderness—4,000 people, notwithstanding the fact that for the past two seasons the crops have been almost entirely destroyed by grassboppers. Last season these pests left us without depositing their eggs, and the prospects are favorable for a season of unexampled

prosperity next summer. CHANCE FOR A "SPMC." If any of your stock-dealers desire to make a "fine spec." let them come in here with some of the "bluegrass" stock next

AN INVITATION AND WARNING.

To persons desiring new homes in the West, I would say: Come to Minnesota, ontrasted with the dark, coffee-colored where is grown the best wheat in the United States, California not excepted; where you will be free from all the curses pro-duced by whisky; where you will have ununknown to the Anglo-American long equaled school advantages, where you will of the New Northwest, and, also, of Sioux City, another excellent market. public land for those desiring it, and railroad lands are cheap. Only beware of transactions with the National Colony Company. It is an unmitigated humbug: but the country is all right. People here ness of the awful solitude: the prairie, lake and river were alike the possession of the have the true Yankee grit. Without any serious disadvantages, this country possesses the following favorable points: A pure In 1851, in consequence of a treaty with mountain atmosphere, a bealthful climate, the Indians, the lands on the western side a fertile and durable seil, and industrious of the Mississippi were opened up for settlement. The tide of immigration was

now setting in with irresistible force. The emigrant wagon wended its way over bluff and prairie; the wharves were crowded and Wilmington, N. C. boats loaded with newcomers from the the other day that they accepted a convalleys of the Wabash and Ohio, from the tract offered them by a neighbor to carry banks of the Hudson and Kennebec, from a load of coal from the sidewalk into hi the green hills of Vermont and the ocean cellar for a dollar,